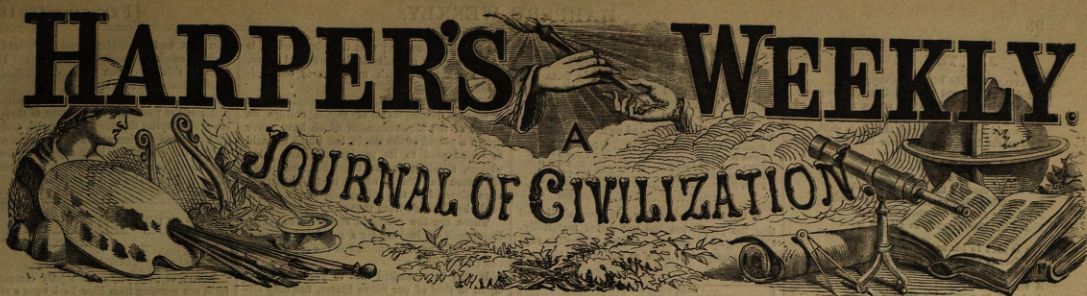


HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.



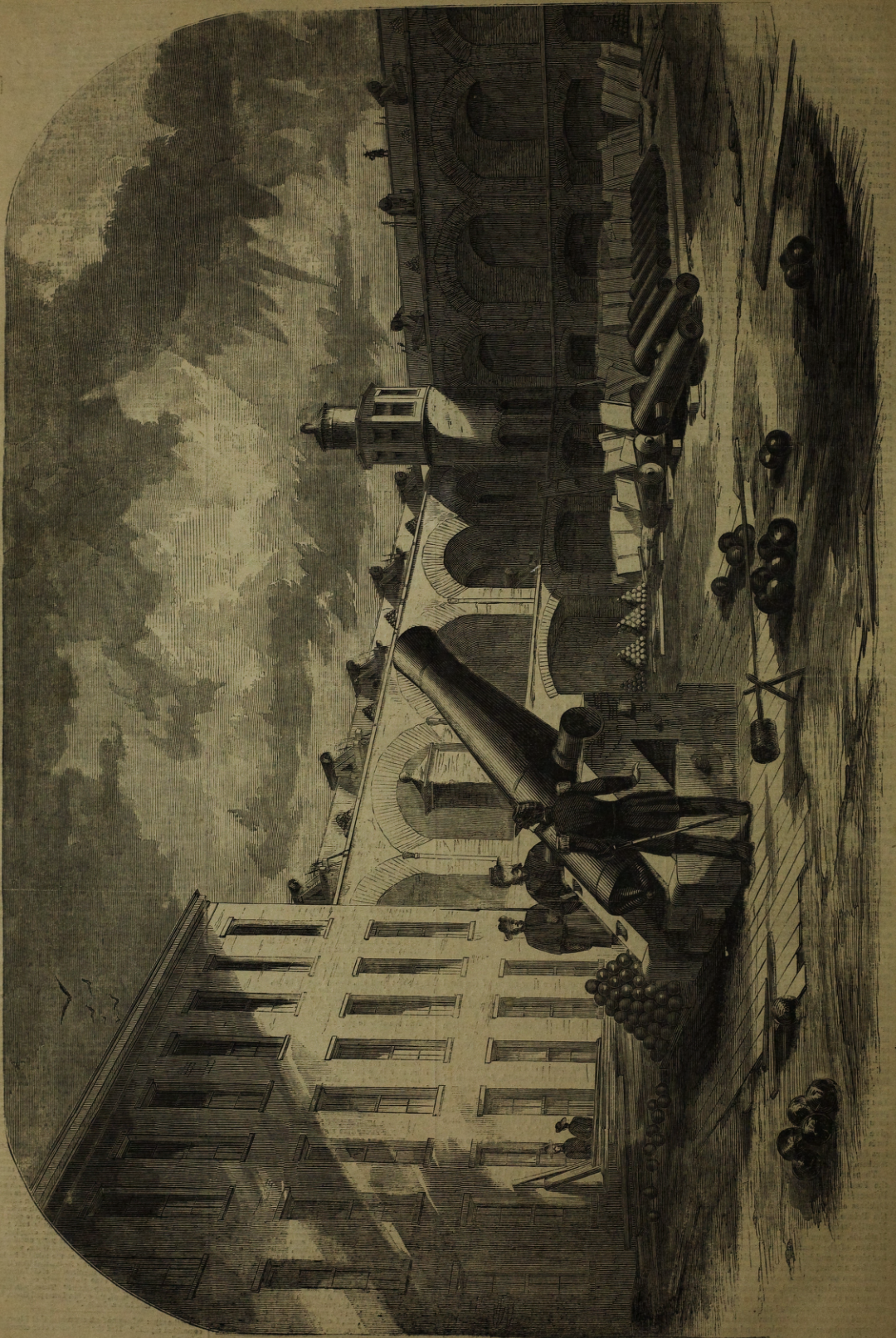
VOL. V.—No. 216.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.





* A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMTER.—INTERIOR.

FORT SUMTER.

We are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major ANDERSON'S command, to illustrate FORT SUMTER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLEMAN BUILDING which has just been placed in position as a mortar; and above a VIEW OF THE SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMTER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved, as the following letter from FORT SUMTER explains:

"To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"The Weekly of January 26 quotes the *Harvard* in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLEMAN throws its shell easily 4828 yards.

"By making this shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerymen know of certain other expedients by which the difference between this total (5328 yards) and 5400—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome, Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it

so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie after Sunday at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead to the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of those grazing cattle, though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd follow."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after he had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round 'in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round; the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somehow I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you thought?" said Joe. "Astomishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; but?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve month—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very here—"

"Oh! they do very well here!" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said,

"Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills

well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is; though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious of Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so, returned Biddy, "say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—It's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated.

"It's a—It's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, having its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fire-place, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

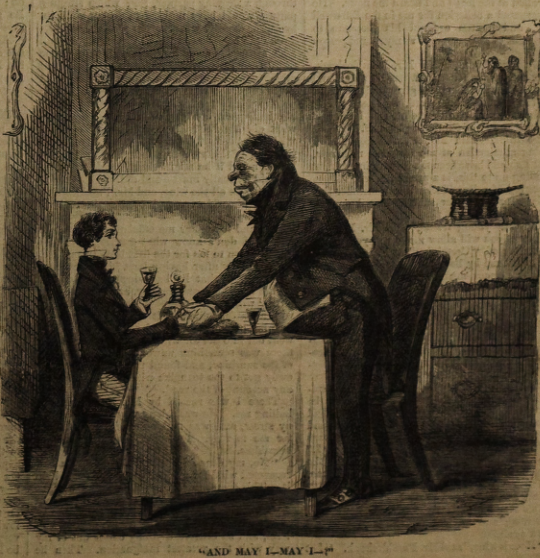
"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them, I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had

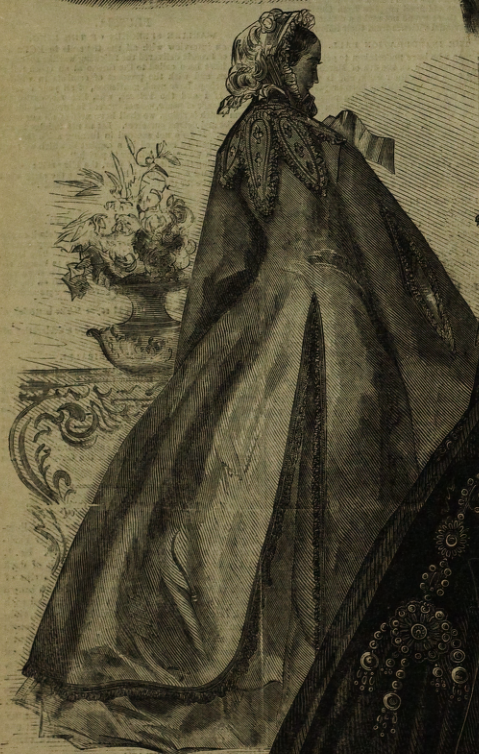
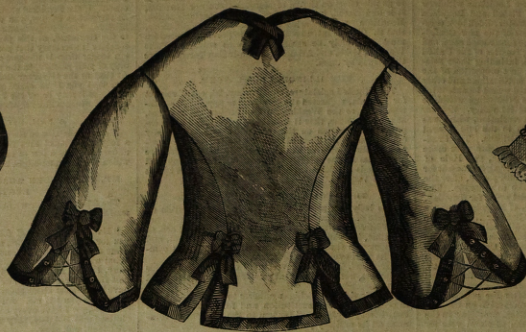


"AND MAY I—MAY I—"

Woolen Hood.

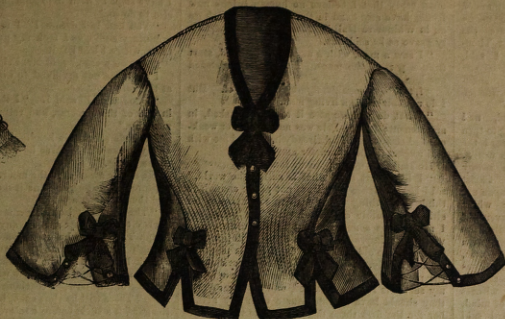
Zouave Jacket (Back).

Italian Coll.



Zouave Jacket (Front).

Hood of Red Flannel.



I was now a very coward. Grasping the bal-
ustrade with one hand, and feeling for the unsed
pistol with the other, I called out—

"Who are you?" and with stupid terror I fired
at the thing without pausing.

"It was a slight cry; a very human one.
Then a little laugh.

"Don't fire any more pistols at me, Mr. Whit-
more. I'm not a ghost."

"Something in the voice sent the blood once more
circulating through my veins."

"Is it—?" I could not utter another word.

"It is I, Grace Erie."

"What brought you here?" I said, at length,
after I had descended the stairs, and had seized
her hand that I might feel sure it was of flesh and
blood.

"My pony. We began to get uneasy about
you. It is nearly midnight. So papa and I set
out to see what you were doing."

"What the devil are you firing at, Whinmore?"
asked Mr. Erie, coming hurriedly from a search in
the lower rooms.

"At Mr. papa," answered his daughter,
archly, glancing up at his face. "But he is a
bad shot, for he didn't hit me."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated. "Miss Erie, I was
papa."

"No, only very frightened. Look at him,
papa!"

Mr. Erie looked at me. He took my arm.

"Why I Whinmore, you don't look the better
for forcing the spirit of the age upon me. However,
I see it is no longer a joking matter with you.
You do not wish to take up your abode here im-
mediately."

I rallied under their kindly badinage.

"Let me get out of this horrible place," said I.
Mr. Erie led me beyond the gate. I leaned
against it in a state of exhaustion.

"Here, try your hand at any other pocket-
pistol!" said Mr. Erie, as he put a precious dan-
dified pistol of that kind to my hand, a most ap-
plication of the remedy I was decidedly better.

Miss Erie mounted her pony, and we set off
across the moor. I was very silent, and my com-
panion looked at me with a large tract of land. I
was much shocked to think of the cowardly far-
which had led me to fire a pistol at Miss Erie. I
began my interview with my host by uttering
some expressions of this feeling. But it was an
awkward thing to declare myself a fool and a
coward.

"The less we say about that the better," said
her father, gravely. "Fear is the strongest hu-
man passion, my boy; and will lead us to commit
the vilest acts if we let it get the mastery."

"I acknowledge that I was beside myself with
terror at the sights and sounds of that accursed
house. I was not sane at the moment I saw your
daughter! I shall never—"

"Whinmore, she loves you will never mention
it again! We certainly shall not. Now, if you are
disposed to hear the story of your ancestor's
evil deeds, I am ready to fulfill the promise I made
you last night."

"How long ago I can't exactly find out, but
some time between the Reformation and the Great
Rebellion, the Whinmores settled in this part of
the country, and owned a large tract of land. They
were iron-handed and iron-hearted, stanch Cath-
olics, and stanch Jacobites, during the religious
and political dissensions of the end of the seven-
teenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

After the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty
the Whinmores of Whinmore Hall ceased to take
any part in public affairs. They were too proud
to farm their own land; and putting trust in a
notorious steward, they left the management of
the Hall when King George the Second reigned over
England was compelled to keep up appearances by
selling half the family estate.

"The Whinmore in question, 'could spare,' as
the proverbial call it, a melancholy man, not much
blessed in the matrimonial lottery. His wife,
Lady Henrietta Whinmore, was the daughter of
a poor Catholic Earl. Tradition says she was
equally beautiful and proud; and I believe it."

"To return. They couple had but one child, a
son. When Lady Henrietta found that her hus-
band was a gentleman of a moping and under-
prising turn of mind, that she could not persuade
him to do anything but indolence, and so find fault
with the new government, she devoted herself to
the education of her son, Graham. As he was a
clever boy, with strong health and good looks, she
determined that he should retrieve the fortunes of
the family. She kept him under her own superin-
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sent him to Eton, with his cousin the little Earl
of ——. He was brought up a Protestant, and
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moved. He was early accustomed to the society
of all ranks, to be found in a first-class English
public school; and his personal gifts as well as his
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ion of all. Graham was born in Oxford. In his
twenty-third year a first-class man. He
staid at home for a month or two in repose, after
the fatigues of study. One afternoon, as he rode
home from a distant school, he passed on the top of
Whinmore Hill, which commands a good view of
the Hall. The simple baroness of the great hills
around, the antique beauty and retirement of the
Hall—above all, the stately and venerable old
man, who had often charmed Graham, as a boy.
Now he gazed with far stronger feeling at all.

"It shall not be lost to me and my children,
he vowed, inwardly. 'I will redeem the mortgage
on the house, I will win back every acre of the old
Whinmore land. Yes, I will work for wealth, but
I must lose no time, or my opportunity will be
gone."

"He looked at the ruined part of the house, and
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house he went to see his father, whom he had not
seen that day. He found him in his bed, with the
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did not recognize him, and to Graham's mind
looked very much changed since the previous day.
He left the room in search of his mother; thinking,
in spite of his love for her, that she neglected her
duty as a wife. "She should be beside him now,"
he thought. Still he framed the best excuse he
could for her then, for he loved and revered her.
She was so strong-minded, so beautiful. Above
all, she loved him, with such passionate devotion.
He dreaded to tell her the resolution he had formed.
She was an aristocrat and a woman. She did not
understand the mutation of things in that day;
she would not believe that the best way to wealth
and power was not through the Court influence,
but by commercial enterprise. His went to her
bedroom, the Lady's Chamber, in which they were
last night. She was not there, and he was about
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muring, "I can not bear it. It was you gave me
the draught for him. I will send for a doctor."

"A doctor, indeed! He wants no doctor,"
cried the angry mistress. "And don't talk any more
nonsense, my good woman, if you value your place."

"In her agitation the woman did not see her
young master, and hastily left the room."

" Astonished at the woman's words, he slowly
ascended the steps to the dressing-room. He found
his mother standing before the long looking-glass
arrayed in a rich dress of old point lace, over a
brocaded petticoat, with necklace, bracelets, and

"Lady Henrietta opened the letter quickly, for
she saw that the handwriting was her son's. 'Per-
haps he is coming this week,' she thought, with a
thrill of delight. 'Yes, he will come to take me
to the Lord-Lieutenant's ball. He is proud of his
mother, and I must look my best.' But she had
not read a dozen words before the expression
of her face changed. Surprise darkened into con-
tempt and anger—anger deepened into rage and
hatred. She uttered a sharp cry of pain. The
old servant ran to her in alarm; but her mistress
had composed herself, though her cheek was livid.

"Did your ladyship call me?"

"Yes. Bring me a light!"

"In this letter Graham announced his return
home the following week with a wife—a beau-
tiful girl, penniless, and without connections of
gentility. No words can describe the bitter rage
and disappointment of this proud woman. Receive
a beggarly, low-born wench for her daughter-in-
law?—No! She would never do that. She paced
the room with soft, firm steps, like a panther. Af-
ter a time thought became clearer, and she saw that
there was no question of her willingness to receive
her daughter-in-law, but of that daughter-in-law's
willingness to allow her to remain in the house. Ah!
but it was an awful thing to see the proud
woman—then she looked that fell fully in the face.
She hated her unseen daughter with a keen cold
hate—a remorseless hate born of that terrible sin,
Pride. But she was not a woman to hate passively.
She paced to and fro, turning and returning
with savage, stealthy quickness. The day waned
and night began. Her servant came to see if she
were wanted, and was sent away with a haughty
negative. "She is busy with some wicked thought,"
murmured the old woman.

"Graham Whinmore's bride was, as he had
said, 'so good and so lovely, that no one ever
thought of asking who were her parents.' She
was also accomplished and elegant in manner.
She was in all respects but birth superior to the
Duke's daughter whom Lady Henrietta had se-
lected for her son's wife. The beautiful Lillian's
father was a music master, and she had given les-

sons in singing herself. Lady Henrietta learned
this and every thing else concerning her young
daughter-in-law that could be considered disgraceful
in her present station. But she put restraint
on her contempt, and received her with an out-
ward show of courtesy and stately kindness. Graham
believed that for his sake his mother was
determined to forget his wife's low origin, and he
became easy about the result of their connection
after he had seen his mother's cruel eyes and
heard her hiss. He felt sure that one could know
Lillian and not love her. He was proud and hap-
py to think that two such beautiful women be-
longed to him.

"The Lord-Lieutenant's ball was expected to be
unusually brilliant that year, and Graham was
anxious that his wife should be the queen of the
assembly."

"I should like her to wear the old lace and the
jewels, mother," said Graham.

"The Lady Henrietta's eyebrows were con-
tracted for a moment, and she shot forth a furtive
glance at Lillian, who sat near, playing with a
greyhound."

"If Graham had seen that glance! But her
words were believed."

"Certainly, my son. It is quite proper that
your wife should wear such magnificent heir-looms.
There is no woman of quality in this country that
can match them. I am proud to abdicate my
right in her favor."

"There, Lillian! Do you hear, you are to
celipse the Duchess herself!"

"I will do so, if you wish it," said Lillian.

"But I do not think that will amuse me so much
as dancing."

"Balls, in those times, began at a reasonable
hour. Ladies who went to a ball early in Novem-
ber began to dress by daylight."

"Lillian had been dressed by her maid. Owing
to a certain sentimental secret between her and
her husband, she wore her wedding-dress of white
Indian muslin, instead of a rich brocade silk pet-
ticoat, underneath the grand lace gown."

"The old servant (who seems to have grown
no older) sat sewing in the bedroom below, when
a household brought in a letter which the old
servant took immediately to her mistress."

"MY ARMS STRUCK AGAINST THE WALL, AND I FELL DOWN INSENSIBLE."

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"MY ARMS STRUCK AGAINST THE WALL, AND I FELL DOWN INSENSIBLE."

"The Whinmore in question, 'could spare,' as
the proverbial call it, a melancholy man, not much
blessed in the matrimonial lottery. His wife,
Lady Henrietta Whinmore, was the daughter of
a poor Catholic Earl. Tradition says she was
equally beautiful and proud; and I believe it."

"To return. They couple had but one child, a
son. When Lady Henrietta found that her hus-
band was a gentleman of a moping and under-
prising turn of mind, that she could not persuade
him to do anything but indolence, and so find fault
with the new government, she devoted herself to
the education of her son, Graham. As he was a
clever boy, with strong health and good looks, she
determined that he should retrieve the fortunes of
the family. She kept him under her own superin-
tendence till he was ten years of age. She then
sent him to Eton, with his cousin the little Earl
of ——. He was brought up a Protestant, and
his religious convictions would be re-
moved. He was early accustomed to the society
of all ranks, to be found in a first-class English
public school; and his personal gifts as well as his
mental excellences led him to win the good opin-
ion of all. Graham was born in Oxford. In his
twenty-third year a first-class man. He
staid at home for a month or two in repose, after
the fatigues of study. One afternoon, as he rode
home from a distant school, he passed on the top of
Whinmore Hill, which commands a good view of
the Hall. The simple baroness of the great hills
around, the antique beauty and retirement of the
Hall—above all, the stately and venerable old
man, who had often charmed Graham, as a boy.
Now he gazed with far stronger feeling at all.

"It shall not be lost to me and my children,
he vowed, inwardly. 'I will redeem the mortgage
on the house, I will win back every acre of the old
Whinmore land. Yes, I will work for wealth, but
I must lose no time, or my opportunity will be
gone."

"He looked at the ruined part of the house, and
began to calculate the cost of rebuilding as he
hastened forward. As soon as he entered the
house he went to see his father, whom he had not
seen that day. He found him in his bed, with the
nurse asleep in the easy-chair beside it. His father
did not recognize him, and to Graham's mind
looked very much changed since the previous day.
He left the room in search of his mother; thinking,
in spite of his love for her, that she neglected her
duty as a wife. "She should be beside him now,"
he thought. Still he framed the best excuse he
could for her then, for he loved and revered her.
She was so strong-minded, so beautiful. Above
all, she loved him, with such passionate devotion.
He dreaded to tell her the resolution he had formed.
She was an aristocrat and a woman. She did not
understand the mutation of things in that day;
she would not believe that the best way to wealth
and power was not through the Court influence,
but by commercial enterprise. His went to her
bedroom, the Lady's Chamber, in which they were
last night. She was not there, and he was about
to retreat, when he heard her voice in anger speak-
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above. Graham went toward the stairs, and was
met by an old female servant who was in his moth-
er's confidence, and acted as her maid and head-
nurse to his father. She came down in tears, mur-
muring, "I can not bear it. It was you gave me
the draught for him. I will send for a doctor."

"A doctor, indeed! He wants no doctor,"
cried the angry mistress. "And don't talk any more
nonsense, my good woman, if you value your place."

"In her agitation the woman did not see her
young master, and hastily left the room."

" Astonished at the woman's words, he slowly
ascended the steps to the dressing-room. He found
his mother standing before the long looking-glass
arrayed in a rich dress of old point lace, over a
brocaded petticoat, with necklace, bracelets, and

sons in singing herself. Lady Henrietta learned
this and every thing else concerning her young
daughter-in-law that could be considered disgraceful
in her present station. But she put restraint
on her contempt, and received her with an out-
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no older) sat sewing in the bedroom below, when
a household brought in a letter which the old
servant took immediately to her mistress."

"Lady Henrietta opened the letter quickly, for
she saw that the handwriting was her son's. 'Per-
haps he is coming this week,' she thought, with a
thrill of delight. 'Yes, he will come to take me
to the Lord-Lieutenant's ball. He is proud of his
mother, and I must look my best.' But she had
not read a dozen words before the expression
of her face changed. Surprise darkened into con-
tempt and anger—anger deepened into rage and
hatred. She uttered a sharp cry of pain. The
old servant ran to her in alarm; but her mistress
had composed herself, though her cheek was livid.

"Did your ladyship call me?"

"Yes. Bring me a light!"

"In this letter Graham announced his return
home the following week with a wife—a beau-
tiful girl, penniless, and without connections of
gentility. No words can describe the bitter rage
and disappointment of this proud woman. Receive
a beggarly, low-born wench for her daughter-in-
law?—No! She would never do that. She paced
the room with soft

A Valentine Romance of ye olden time



An Innkeeper's Knave is smitten with love



As it behoveth he falleth in reveries thereupon



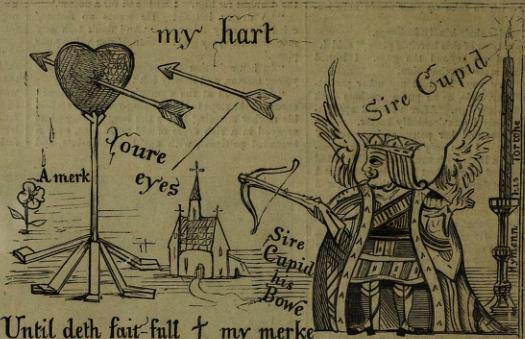
He conceiveth of a Valentine runneth off to a Scrivener



Ye Scrivener



to whom ye Knave dicateth a Valentine



Ye Valentine



He seeketh ye first opportunity to deliver ye valentine



meeteth with Discouragements



other discouragements



He succeedeth in delivering it to ye Fair



Ye Fair not being skilled in reading goeth to ye Scrivener who interpreteth it (for her)



An Open Courtship is ye result



is followed by Marriage



and Happiness



GOVERNOR THOMAS H. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

GOV. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

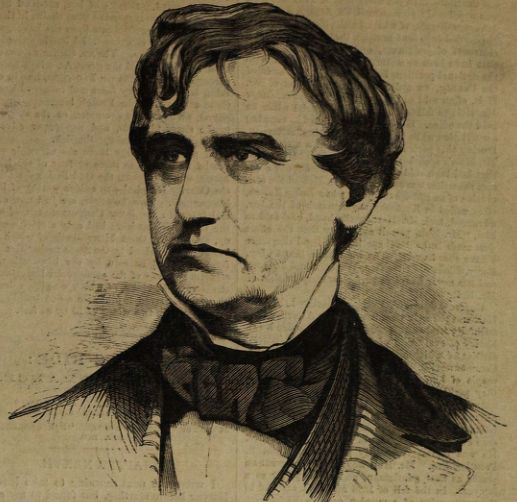
We know of no man who occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the Governor of the State of Maryland, whose portrait we publish herewith. To his wise and patriotic action, in firmly resisting the tide of partisan feeling in his State, he has so far averted civil war, and preserved Maryland as a nucleus about which, if politic councils prevail, our glorious Union may be preserved. As a representative man of the times, he should be held up as worthy of imitation by all who desire to aid in the perpetuation of the liberties which have given us so prominent a place among the nations of the earth.

Thomas Holliday Hicks was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the second day of September, 1798. His parents were plain, respectable people. His father was a mechanic, but late in life became a land-owner and farmer. Owing to his straitened circumstances, Governor Hicks, the eldest of a large family of children, was compelled to perform constant manual labor in the work-shop and on the farm. This mode of life he followed until he reached the age of twenty-two years; in the mean while utterly deprived of the means of education now so freely offered to every one.

When he reached the age of twenty-two he was appointed a constable for one of the districts of his county; which position he filled faithfully during two years, when he was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for sheriff of the county by the Democratic party of that day. Though that party was then largely in the minority, Governor Hicks defeated his Federal opponent by a handsome majority—that opponent being, too, one of the most popular men in the county, and himself being the youngest man

ever elected in that county to fill the important office of sheriff.

In 1829 the Adams party, to which he had attached himself, elected him to the Legislature; and he was returned to that position in the following year. In 1831 he was elected a member of the Electoral College, the duties of which was to choose the State Senators. In 1836 he was again elected to that office; and while in the discharge of his duties at Annapolis he was again elected to the Legislature. This was the exciting period when the nineteen Democratic Electors, by refusing to meet the Electoral College, came very near subverting the Government of the State. In the following year he was again elected to the Legislature, and was made a member of the Governor's Council, which position he held until the Council was abolished. He was then appointed Register



HON. JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HEADE.]

of Wills for Dorchester County. In 1844 he was reappointed to that office, and served six years. In the mean while he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, by which the office of Register of Wills was made elective. Subsequently, the incumbent of the office having died, he was induced to accept the appointment at the hands of the Orphans' Court, and at the next regular election he was elected Register of Wills, which office he held until 1857, when he was nominated for Governor by the American party, to which he had attached himself, and was elected by a large majority. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the fluctuations of party strength in his county and in the State, he never was defeated at a popular election but once—in 1861—when he was nominated, against his wishes, as the Whig candidate for Lottery Commissioner. In every election

at which he has been a candidate he has always led the poll in his own county. This fact is abundant evidence of the great popularity he has always enjoyed among those who knew him best.

In person he is about the medium height, thick-set, with iron-gray hair and side-whiskers, and a countenance and mien indicative of the utmost firmness of character. That he is possessed of an iron will is sufficiently indicated by his present position in reference to the crisis. It is that peculiarity which has so deservedly earned for him the sobriquet of "Old Caesar."

Although now the object of severe abuse among his political opponents, on account of his conservative position, he is cordially indorsed by a large majority of the best men in Maryland; and when the smoke of the serious conflict in which we are now engaged shall roll, it will, we think, be difficult to find an unprejudiced man who will refuse to laud him for his honest efforts to avert the terrible calamities which overshadow us.

JOSEPH HOLT,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

The distinguished occupant of the War Department of the United States was born in 1807, in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. His parents were poor, but he managed, by great industry and energy, to obtain a good education. He was educated a part of the time at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and the remainder of his college life was spent in Centre College, Danville. In 1828 he commenced the practice of law at Elizabethtown, Kentucky; and he removed to Louisville in the winter of 1831-32. In 1832, he was sent as a delegate to a Democratic Convention, held in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; and in that body he made a speech that gave him a widespread reputation through-



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



HOTEL AT NEW ORLEANS.



THE MINT AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FLOWER-GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

farm produce, and implements too, came floating by, showing what destruction had been effected higher up the river. As I stood gazing on the current, I saw, at a little distance from me, a man standing on the shore, viewing the river, and apparently lost in thought; so I at least seemed, for though not at all clad in a way to resist the storm, he remained there, wet and soaked through, totally regardless of the weather. On inquiring of him, I learned that this was the Johnkutsche, the "vetturino" of the travelers, and who, in attempting to ascertain if the stream were fordable, had lost one of his best horses, and was escaped being carried away himself. He said that he had forgotten all about the strangers, whom, it now appeared, were close prisoners like myself. While the host was yet speaking, the Johnkutsche came back, and in a tone of equality that showed he thought I was in his own line of business, asked if I would sell him one of my nags then in the stable.

Being daring to disabuse him of his error regarding my rank, I did not refuse him so flatteringly as I might, and he pressed the negotiation very warmly in consequence. At last, to get rid of him, I declared that I would not break up my team, and he desisted. I went on for many minutes in my room when a courier came with a polite message from his mistress to beg I would speak with her. I went at once, and found an old lady who was English, as her name was, and who, I thought, was a French woman who apologized for troubling me, but having heard from her vetturino that my horses were disengaged, and that I might, if not dissatisfied, sell them to her. I was not a courier team, to take their carriage as far as Andover. By the time she got thus far, I perceived that she, too, mistook me for a Johnkutsche. It just struck me what good fun it would be to tell her the joke, and so, without her consent, I presented no inducement to the enterprise, and as I thus balanced the case, there came into the room one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She never turned a look toward where I was standing, nor did she seem to have met me at the Tit-ti-se. So overhelming was this discovery to me that I heard nothing for many minutes after. All of that wretched scene between us on the last evening at the inn came into my memory, and I beheld her in the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I could have shaken out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the whole of the world, the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I could have shaken out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the whole of the world, the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I could have shaken out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the whole of the world, the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately.

When the narrator had got thus far in his story, I leaned forward to catch a full view of him, and saw, to my surprise, and I own to my regret, that he bore a striking resemblance to the man I had met at the Tit-ti-se. So overhelming was this discovery to me that I heard nothing for many minutes after. All of that wretched scene between us on the last evening at the inn came into my memory, and I beheld her in the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I could have shaken out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the whole of the world, the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I could have shaken out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the whole of the world, the whole night on the hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately.

The turmoil of my thoughts lost me a great deal of his story, and might have lost me the not the hearty laughter of his comrades recalled me once again to attention. He was describing to me the adventures of a "vetturino" he drove their carriage with his own spanking gray horses to Coire, and thence to Andover. He had bargained, it seems, that Miss Herbert should travel outside on the cabriolet, but she had insisted to keep her pledge, so they only met at stray moments during the journey. It was in one of these she said, laughingly, to him, "Nothing would surprise me less than to find, some fine morning, that you had a prince in disguise, or a girl, or the emperor of the world. It was only the other day we were honored with the incongruous presence of a royal personage; I do not exactly know who, but Mrs. Ketchum could tell you. He left us abruptly at Schaffhausen."

"You can't mean the creature," said I, "that I saw in your company at the Tit-ti-se."

"The same," said she, rather angrily.

"Why he is a prince," said I, "him the morning I came through Constance with some others of his troop dragged before the main for causing a disturbance in a cabaret; one of the most consummate impostors, they told me, in Europe."

"An infamous falsehood, and a base liar the man who says it," cried I, springing to my feet, and standing revealed before the company circles of light and darkness, that I was the person you have dared to defame. I have never assumed to be a prince, and as little am I a rope-dancer. I am an English gentleman traveling for his pleasure, and I hurt back every word you have said of me with contempt and defiance."

Before I had finished this insolent speech, some half-dozen swords were drawn and brandishing in the air, and, as I perceived, I cut me to pieces, and the count himself required all the united strength of the party to save me from his hands. At last, I was pushed, his hand dragged me to the room to another smaller one on the same floor, and I was turned on me, left to my very happy reflections.

SNAKE STORIES.

I WAS in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington one torrid August afternoon.

I had examined the exterior of the building, with its stupendous Early English arches and windows, and its dark red stone that almost looked like chocolate. A very spacious porch-like

of Ottrano place of Gothic to it, I must say. Indeed, Gothic does not thrive in America, and our audacious unmedieval people take much more kindly to Corinthian pillars of white marble, fine Palladian windows, and anti-Ruskin enormities. As I stood gazing at the windows, secured there in their crystal prison, two rough-looking people from Wisconsin came up.

They had both of them, Saul and Moses, often killed rattlesnakes. "Any quantity of them," in the words of Kentucky, "any quantity of them," but I had better give the matter, as nearly as I can, in their own language.

"Lor, stranger," said Moses, "I've killed a heap of snakes about the Green River, you see; and on the Mississippi banks, I've killed a few, I remember once when I was—yes, hunting a cane-brake down at Green River, that some of the boys shot at snakes, put a damned spiteful critter and once in my mind, and I began to feel kind of scared, and my hat to kinder lift up off my head, as if my hair had turned to wire, for just then I hearn an awful hissing, like an angry cat, and then the boys said, 'Look out, so fast that it seemed to show down, like a light string when you twang it backward and forward with your finger. Lor a mercy, what a leap I did make backward, and I was so scared, I was so scared—a caution to Blondin, I guess. Bad blagues, well my! if I wasn't a snake coiled up under a hickory-tree, with its head up, its eye like a big diamond on fire, and its tail rattling like castanets gone mad. Now, stranger, you must know that a rattlesnake don't leap, like other snakes, and that's a kinder blessing to us Americans, so I drew back another two feet or so, fired both barrels of my gun, which happened to be loaded with tin, into his coils, and then finished him with a 'stockdollar' from a sassafras hough—wopped him to pieces—fact—yes, Sir. When I cut off his rattles I found he had been rows of 'em, and one of these, 'cute people' as you call 'em now, so that rattlesnake varmint must have been fifteen years doing about the world doing mischief! Wonder how many Christians he had slaughtered!"

On further questioning Saul and Moses, I found that on opening this fine rattlesnake, he had discovered a white snake, which he believed to be the poison, coiled through the hollow teeth, behind which the serpent carries his small pouches of portable death. Now, stranger, I will explain to you, and as indeed I knew it already from actual examination, at once as lancelets and injectors. They puncture a wound, and at the same instant that they punch two equidistant holes, project into the wound a lancelet, which when it gets the bull's crest, hovers, the stag its antlers, the bear its paws, and the tiger its teeth, gave the snake, in these hollow fangs, weapons of offense and of defense at a terrible.

The rattlesnake, these assured me, seldom, except perhaps when it was its young round, it pursued its enemy; always, if possible, stole away and avoided the combat; but, if trod on by the hunter, or driven into a corner, it would fight as possible for it to escape, it instantly flew at the unskily intruder.

Was there any cure for a rattlesnake bite? I had heard that cat de luco was thought a specific in India in cases of the kind, the dried cocoon, or hooded snake, of Hindostan.

"Wal," answered Moses, "I tell you what, Mister; a bite from a rattlesnake is always 'a lawdown,' that's sure; but there is one thing that is good for it, if I take time to tell you, it's whiskey. Then Moses went to tell me many instances of the efficacy of whiskey; and I have read in the newspapers numerous cases in which whiskey had proved a remedy in rattlesnake bites. Saw one case forward, and speaking up very nassally, but still like a man, told us a story of an old 'nigger' on his father's plantation 'down South,' somewhere near Jackson's landing on the Mississippi, who had saved his life by whiskey after a bite. Directly after the fangs went in he tied a handkerchief above the place (it was in his leg), and washed the punctures first with water and then with whiskey, and he began to swell and feel sore. He then drank off all the rest of the bottle till he was quite drunk—it always in these cases takes more whiskey than usual to make a man drunk, and then staggered home. Next morning he awoke, and he was all right, but otherwise as well as usual; and in a week or two he was quite recovered, and able to go about at cotton hoeing.

Moses backed up this narrative by assuring me, once, riding through a Kentucky forest a rattlesnake bit a chestnut mare he was on, in the off hind leg, just above the pastern. He instantly got off, washed the wound with whiskey, and poured the whiskey down the throat of the mare. She whined, kicked a little, and shuddered as if her blood were chilled; but next day she was all well again, and three weeks afterward she won a trotting match at Nashville.

Saul here interposed, and matching me out of the hand of Moses, drew my attention to the fact of the rattlesnake's being unable to leap like the puff-adder or the cotton-mouth. This rendered the rattlesnake much more harmless than it otherwise would have been.

This fact, indeed, rendered it easy to escape from a rattlesnake when you came suddenly upon it in a wood for instance, by a leap backward. A story is told relative to the late General Grant, that Jackson was bivouaching by night during the war, in a log hut which the troops had found in a lonely wood. The general and his suite had hardly well settled down to sleep, when a tremendous and stindious hissing showed them that a whole army of rattlesnakes was sheltering itself in the room below. Indeed, by the light of a blazing pine knot they could look down between the grating planks of the floor, and see a "sarpente" coiled and hissing, like so many eels in the well of a pump. The suite instantly "made tracks," and cleared out to light a fire in the open air, or sleep upon the fire the soldiers had already lit. The

general, calm and unshaken, well knowing the constitution of rattlesnakes, and their manner of having ascertained that the floor he lay on was too far above them for the snakes to reach, and knowing they could not leap, lay down on the planks, and, though himself to sleep, enjoyed one of the best nights rest he obtained during the war.

I asked Moses about the cotton-mouth snake; he having told him, in return for his information, a story about "the barber's pole of Jamaica"—a snake striped alternately with black and vermilion—and also about a certain snake of South America, whose bite is so deadly that no one was ever yet known to survive it.

Moses hereupon told me that the cotton-mouth was a snake very common in Georgia, and that it was remarkable for the fact of the inside of its mouth being covered with a white, woolly filament resembling cotton. Its bite was peculiarly deadly. As to the whicky tree, the presumption among the planters who used the remedy was, that the virus of the snake exercised a certain chilling, paralyzing effect upon the blood, which, if unchecked, would retard the circulation as much as to produce death. The poison, too, appeared to have a dangerous local effect. There had been cases where persons recovering from snake bites had had the wounds turn into running sores, which had remained painful and unhealable for months.

I need not say that our agreeable conversation ended by many Western conversations do end. Saul and Moses cut their fingers, and put their hands in their pockets, and strolled off toward a case of stuffed birds—among which the black and orange oriole was specially conspicuous—without bow, nod, or any other customary parting salutation. But I had learned from these two hardy, less things; if traveling does not teach one toleration, what will teach one?

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